Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
VVe doe debaſe our ſelfe (Coſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland* and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their hopefull Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the ſentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it of againe
VVith words of ſooth: O that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes have ſcope to beate both thee and me.

Au. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke.*

Rich. VVhat muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile give my Iewels for a ſet of beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter for a Palmers walking Staffe,
My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obſcure Grave.
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feete
May howrely trample on their Soveraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I live;
And buri'd once, why not upon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Coſin)
VVee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.

Or

Or ſhall we play the wantons, w
And make ſome pretty match with
As thus: to drop them ſtill upon
Till they have fretted us a paire of
VVithin the Earth: and therein
Two Kinſmen digg'd their Grave
VVould not this ill, doe well? w
I talke but idly, and you mocke at
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *No*
VVhat ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*?
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Ri*
You make a legge and *Bullingbro*

Nor. My Lord, in the baſe Cour
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe

Rich. Downe, downe I come, lik
Wanting the manage of unruly Ia
In the baſe Court? baſe Court w
To come at Traytors calls, and do
In the baſe Court come downe: d
For Night-Owles ſhrike, where

Bul. What ſayes his Majeſty?

Nor. Sorrow and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a f
Yet he is come.

Bul. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire duty to his Maieſ
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Coſin,
You debaſe your Princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud wi
Me rather had, my heart might fe
Than my unpleas'd Eye ſee your
Vp Coſin, up, your Heart is up, I
Thus high at leaſt, although your

Bul. My gracious Lord, I come

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I

Bul. So farre be mine, (my moſt
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerue

G

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA